

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

FELIX WEINGARTNER AND HIS SYMPHONY.

Visiting Conductor is Also a Composer and Interpreter of His Own Music. Gluck, Mozart, Weber and Liszt Also Get a Hearing—The Orchestra Plays Well.

The sixth public rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society, which took place at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, was conducted by Felix Weingartner. The programme consisted of three overtures, Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide," Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" and Weber's "Der Freischütz." Mr. Weingartner's second symphony on "The Hammer and the Anvil" was also heard. It was natural that the conductor should desire to present his own symphony. It was first performed at the Philharmonic concert of Dec. 5 and 6, 1902, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, and it did not need, indeed, Mr. Weingartner may have thought that his own reading would convey some message which Mr. Damrosch's neglected.

Indoubtedly the symphony was performed yesterday with greater clarity, a finer balance and a more splendid sonority than on the previous occasion, but there is ample room for doubt that it struck a firmer impress upon the public memory. It came and it went, and it was not, as it were, skillfully made, but lacking the utterance that cannot be forgotten.

What was written of it in this journal after its first performance might be repeated, but that, too, is unnecessary. Suffice it to say now that this is a musicianly composition, not devoid of ideas, but nowhere showing that individuality which commands attention. The work discloses Mr. Weingartner as an experienced musician, who has surveyed the entire field of his art and is familiar with the best that has been achieved.

He knows his Strauss, his Mendelssohn, his Schumann, his Beethoven and his Liszt, and he pays tribute to each of them in his own work. He is not a composer of the first order, but he is a composer of the second order. He is not a composer of the first order, but he is a composer of the second order. He is not a composer of the first order, but he is a composer of the second order.

The second movement is the scherzo of the composition, and here we may detect fancifulness and perhaps, by Schumann and by other less temperate contributors to the orchestral literature. Beethoven's slow movement and in the finale Liszt again enters with his theory of organic unity fashioned out of assembling materials from all the preceding movements. The construction of the composition is gorgeous and pompous. The climaxes are nearly all marshalled in a row of brass and thunder of drums, and at all times the themes waver in the glare of glowing instrumentation. It is a good piece of workmanship and a good piece of workmanship.

There goes your evidence," said Barney Kelly, a crook with a record, as he threw a bundle of letters and telegrams from the platform of an elevated car near Houston street station. Kelly was in custody of Detective Sergeant. Kelly was in custody of Detective Sergeant. Kelly was in custody of Detective Sergeant.

It was the custom of the elder farce for all of the characters to act in collusion with the author by remaining out of their senses whenever the plot required it. There are a score of places in "The Passport," which Edward Terry put on last night for four performances at the Prince, where the author of the drama person had the least grain of common sense the play would have come to an abrupt close. But at the crucial moment each fulfilled his part in the conspiracy of idiosyncrasy and so the authors, B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley, were enabled to fill out three acts without let or hindrance.

An English woman, entering Russia, has lost her passport, but has the fortune to fall in with an Englishman whose passport includes his absent wife. In crossing the border, the two, each thinking himself a member of Parliament and each introducing himself as such to a Member of Parliament and his wife and maid, whom they fall in with on the road. Subsequently both of the members of the passport, unknown to each other, get married, and the two couples encounter each other shortly afterward in the house of the M. P. That is all, and it is enough.

The construction of the play is rather loose and apt to run into irrelevant ramifications of complication. At best the fun is rather thin. But the characters have some trace of real observation, and the scenes are often apt and interesting. The house last night was willing to be pleased, and laughed quietly much of the time.

Mr. Terry, as the Member of Parliament, was at his best in the first act when he got in trouble with Russian officials at the border and was pitifully browbeaten. A Member of Parliament is always to be laughed at on the stage, and Mr. Terry made himself easy with his odd, dry and grotesque exaggerations of a politician. Olive Wilton did creditably in the part of the silly woman who was the wife of the passport—a part said to have been played long ago by Sadie Matson. W. A. Day was excellent as a valet and Clara Earle as a maid.

"Lucia" at the Opera. Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" is enjoying an epoch of prosperity without enjoying from Republican politics. Its restoration to public favor is entirely due to the fact that the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House enlist the services of Mme. Sembrich as Lucia and Mr. Carrara as Edgardo. Last night's performance—the third in the present subscription series—witnessed a reputation of individuality now familiar. The house was packed, the singers in good form and the applause loud and frequent.

Another item from stock which contains many exact reproductions of the best early examples in furniture.

We copy, we modify, we create. Quality recognized, our prices are moderate, for every penny you pay is in the furniture.

At midnight 3,000 persons were in the Garden. Flowers, palms and flags obscured every part of the structure except the roof, which was occupied.

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Judge Thomas, who presides over most of the Federal criminal trials, has one rule which is said to be peculiar to himself. He never permits a jury to stay out over night, and has not deviated from the rule in the long period of his service on the bench. He took occasion to explain it when the jury in the Lindberg trial, one of the Stockholm cases, reported a disagreement last week. He said:

The jurors in these cases are men of a high average of intelligence, and observation has convinced me that men of good general knowledge, who follow all the evidence in a case, are capable of reaching a verdict within a few hours at the most. I believe it an injustice to subject to discomfort men who are giving up much of their time to the public. I consider it a bad principle in any event to coerce a jury into bringing in a verdict.

In the January rush to Florida a couple of New Yorkers on one of the Clyde Line boats made the acquaintance of an agreeable young fellow, apparently a collegian from his make-up, and a young woman, modish in attire and gracious in manner. The four played whist together, and the young man and woman mentioned the name of the hotel they were bound for in Florida. The New Yorkers stopped over a day in Jacksonville and then proceeded south to the hotel mentioned by their acquaintances on board ship. Arriving there they were somewhat surprised to find that the young chap they had played whist with was a fellow, and still more surprised when the young woman of their whist games served soup to them at dinner.

"I've seen a good many odd words," observed a globe-trotter staying in New York, "but nothing quite so queer as one I discovered in Concord, N. H., last week. It was a sign in the window of a restaurant and read, 'Meatless'."

Homer Sloan, a policeman attached to the Mercer street station ever since he was appointed by the Roosevelt board, resigned a few days ago. Sloan, a superior that he was quitting the force because he wanted to go into the hotel business at Worcester, N. Y., where he built from that is true, but Sloan's chief objection is summed up in these words: "I'm sick and tired of this talk about graft and graft some fellows have of looking on a policeman as a grafter. I came down from my home up the State and went on the force because I thought it was a good job. I had money before I became a policeman and I had a good many decent and respectable friends. I liked my work and my record will show that I wasn't negligent in doing my duty. But the constant cry of graft is too much for me. I give up the job with regret. For I have learned by association that the large majority of cops are decent and entitled to the respect of the community instead of abuse."

The great snowbanks in the streets in Harlem are hard on horses, but good for the boys of the neighborhood. The boys are making what they call "snow ovens." They build a fire of pine boards on top of a snowbank and then they melt away until there is a round hole through the pavement. The boys then tunnel a passage along the pavement to this chimney like hole, and there you are. They shoveled in fuel through the passage, or "door," and it blows away inside the snowbank, with smoke pouring from the "chimney" and the boys are there. The "snow ovens" look like white Vesuvius in eruption.

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NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

from one person to another naturally and easily and the solution of the mystery is wholly unexpected and does not dodge the issue as happens in some tales. The characters are admirably drawn and are natural and logical. We might pick flaws in one or two of them perhaps, but, granting that they are the people they are represented to be, they behave exactly as they should. These are excellent qualities in a detective story and should be enough to make it successful.

The book, however, is much more than this. It is a study of character. The reader gets to know the people only gradually by what they do and say. He is interested in them as much as in the unraveling of the mystery. It shows great art that what threatens to become a love idyll turns out to have no love in it at all, and when the hardened novel reader turns back to see how he was deceived, he discovers that it is the novel habit that has led him astray, and that the author never hinted at such a thing.

Possibilities are doubtless opened by this story of blending forms of fiction that have been kept apart heretofore. Imagine Sir A. Conan Doyle trying to infuse a strain of George Eliot into his tales, or Anthony Hope collaborating with Mr. Meredith. It is more alarming to think that the success of this book may lead the hand of historical novelists to try to introduce detective plots into their romances, but it is no use to anticipate evil. This is a good story, very well told, and not the least of its charms are the pretty descriptions of nature.

Books by J. P. Bocock.

It is unfortunately a memorial volume that comes to us in "Book Treasures of Macanese," by John Paul Bocock (The Knickerbocker Press, New York). The promise of greater achievement that the poetic quality of the verses inspired was ended by his untimely death. Of the many poems that had appeared in various periodicals a selection has been made in this little book, which is beautifully gotten up.

Mr. Bocock was a great admirer of Horace and we find here several adaptations from his author. Other poems deal with the nobler affections—patriotism, religion, family life. They are melodious and gentle. We quote two stanzas from "Skipper Brown Eyes."

She sails away on the sea of dreams,
This little skipper with eyes of brown,
As the adieu's torch in the twilight gleams,
And the garish sun goes down.

Her back is turned to the sunset glow,
To Summerland and its silver sea,
The spotless folds of her slender gown
Are no whit fairer than she.

Up, like a flash, comes the little brown head,
And the brown eyes only see
A blossom of dawn on the outspread
Of an ocean of dimly.

With a soft smile she looks up,
To the heaven of mother's bed,
To the haven of mother's bed.

English Furniture.

Two more parts of Mr. Percy Macquoid's magnificent publication, "A History of English Furniture" (Lawrence & Bullen, G. P. Putnam's Sons), deal with the Tudor period and are illustrated by even more interesting pictures. We have advanced now from ecclesiastical carvings to domestic furniture, and the chairs, tables, cases and, above all, the ornamental bedsteads give room for fine artistic work.

The typography continues to be delightful. The colored pictures are very fine and with nearly every piece he describes, Mr. Macquoid has a story to tell, and enough of the book has now appeared to assure the reader that it will be as entertaining as it is instructive.

Other Books.

Mr. John B. Firth's "Constantine the Great," in the "Heroes of the Nations" series (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a specimen of the kind of book in which an author's study and his making unavailing common. A legend, carefully boiled down, is put before the reader, and he is left to draw his own conclusions, the author offering so far as possible any impression his research may have made on his own mind. But the method may have its value for students, but the general reader surely has a right to ask for the fruits of an author's study and his making unavailing common.

The book is a somewhat broader in its scope than the title implies, for it deals with everything connected with cotton. The first chapter treats of the cotton plant.

Putnam's Have Just Published:

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The story of the Conquest of the Far West, from the Wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca to the first Descent of the Colorado by Powell, and the Completion of the Union Pacific Railway. With particular account of the exploits of trappers and traders.

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Translated by Walter Littlefield. 12mo, net \$1.25.

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"The evils we suffer from in the City of New York, as a consequence of the absolute prohibition of selling liquor on Sunday except in hotels, have become intolerable. These evils spring largely from unlicensed law. An amendment of the law which would permit the City of New York to sell liquor on Sunday in licensed places between the hours of one o'clock in the afternoon and eleven o'clock in the evening would, in my opinion, do more to relieve these evils. On the other hand, an enforcement of the present law would have much the same results."—From Author's Summary.

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lett's Roderick Random, Roderick Random, PRATT,

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Added that gives the history of the

Panama Canal projects up to date. In an

appendix the text of the treaty is given.

Authoritative books on any part of South

America are rare, and Mr. Scruggs' account

of two republics that now attract much

attention will help to understand nearly

all Spanish America as well.

There is nothing harder to find in definite

shape than an account of events that have

occurred recently. The first records dis-

appear quickly and it generally takes time

to hunt them up. Therefore a book like

"Collier's Self-Indulgent Annual 1905" (P. F.

Collier & Son), will be found useful by

busy men. It is an alphabetical record

of all that happened in 1904, with a lot of

scientific and statistical information be-

sides. There are biographies, summaries

of the doings for the year in many spheres

of activity, such as sports, theatrical matters,

and so on. Much attention seems to be

given to societies of all sorts. The large

size of the page makes it possible to provide

very large illustrations, and to employ

unusually clear and large type.

A journey entirely out of the common

was that of which Miss Ethel McGill gives

an account in "Under the Care of the Japanese

War Office" (Cassell & Co.). The

author was sent from England last spring

to inspect the work of the Japanese Red

Cross Society, and kept a diary. She

received kindly in Japan, saw the Empress,

Marshall Oyama and plenty of other persons

of distinction, looked over the hospitals

and the relief work, and was then despatched

to Gen. Kuroki's headquarters in the field.

From seeing what was going on there,

being more favored than the war corre-

spondents, she returned. Her stay in

Japan lasted just two months. In this

volume she relates mainly personal impres-

sions. The Red Cross work takes up some

of it, but her observations on that

were, doubtless, reserved for an official

report.

In rhythmic verse, with mild humor,

the little misuses of suburban life are sung

in "The Rubaiyat of the Commuter" by

Harry Persons Taber. The quatrains are

printed in a very pretty and artistic little

volume by John Bridges, Briarcliff Manor,

New York. Here is a timely sample:

From that inverted bowl they call the Sky,
The Snow falls down in blizzards. Then 'tis I
Who have to shuffle out and shovel it
But never mind, the Spring will come blithely.

Apparently the Mediterranean route to

Europe has become so popular that it is

found necessary to provide special guide

books for travelers who take it. We re-

quest that we cannot recommend very highly

"The Mediterranean Traveller," by the

Rev. Dr. E. Lorenz, Ph. D. (Fleming H.

Ravell Company). The author seems to

be a somewhat aggressive Protestant, who

is displeased that the people in many of

the lands he visits are Catholics. The

objective point of his tour is the Holy

Land; but he takes in Constantinople,

Egypt and other lands easily accessible